The National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899. VOL. XIX—NO. 11—WHOLE NO. 958.

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

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Mr. Lincoln began studying law some time in 1832, using an old copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," which he had bought at auction in Springfield. This book was soon mastered, and then the young man looked about him for more. His friend, John T. Stuart, had a considerable law library for those days, and to him Lincoln applied in his extremity. The library was placed at his disposal, and thenceforth he was engrossed in the acquisition of its contents. But the books were in Springfield, where their owner resided, and New Salem was some 14 miles distant. This proved no obstacle in the way of Lincoln, who made nothing of the walk back and forth in the pursuit of his purpose. Mr. Stuart's partner, Mr. H. C. Dummer, took note of the youth in his frequent visits to the office, and declares: "He was an uncouth looking lad; did not say much, but what he did say he said straight and sharp."

"He used to read law," says Henry McHenry, "in 1832 or 1833, barefooted, seated in the shade of a tree, and would grind around with the shade, just opposite Berry's grocery store, and a few feet south of the door. He occasionally varied the attitude by lying flat on his back and putting his feet up the tree," a situation which might have been unfavorable to mental application in the case of a man with shorter extremities.

"The first time I ever saw Abe with a law book in his hand," says Squire Godbey, he was sitting astride Jake Bates's woodpile in New Salem. Says I, 'Abe, what are you studying?' 'Law,' says Abe. 'Good God Almighty!' responded I." It was too much for Godbey; he could not suppress the exclamation of surprise at seeing such a figure acquiring learning in such an odd situation.

Mr. Arnold states that Lincoln made a practice of reading in his walks between Springfield and New Salem; and so intense was his application, and so absorbed was he in his study, that he would pass his best friends without observing them, and some people said that Lincoln was going crazy with hard study. He very soon began to make a practical application of his knowledge. He bought an old form-book, and began to draw up contracts, deeds, leases, mortgages, and all sorts of legal instruments for his neighbors. He also began to exercise his forensic ability in trying small cases before Justices of the Peace and juries, and he soon acquired a local reputation as a speaker, which gave him considerable practice. But he was able in this way to earn scarcely money enough for his maintenance.

LAWYER, SURVEYOR, AND STORE-KEEPER.

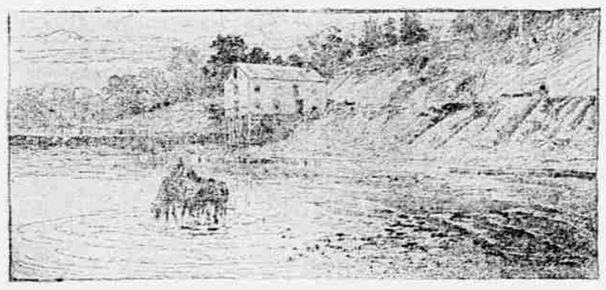
To add to his means he again took up the study of surveying, and soon became, like Washington, a skillful and accurate surveyor. John Calhoun, an intelligent and courteous gentleman, was at that time Surveyor of the County of Sangamon. He became interested in Lincoln, and appointed him his Deputy. His work was so accurate, and the settlers had such confidence in him that he was much sought after to survey, fix, and mark the boundaries of farms, and to plot and lay off the town of Petersburg. His accuracy must have been attained with some difficulty, for the old settlers who survive say that when he began to survey his chain was a grapevine. He did not speculate in the land he surveyed. Had he done so, the rapid advance in the value of real estate would have made it easy for him to make good investments. But he was not in the least like one of his appointees when President—a Surveyor-General of a Western Territory, who bought up much of the best land, and to whom the President said: "I am told, sir, you are monarch of all you survey."

An old friend of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Ellis, says of this period (1833): "I kept a store at New Salem, and boarded at the same log tavern where Lincoln was. Lincoln being engaged in no particular business, merely endeavoring to make a lawyer, a surveyor, and a politician of himself, used to assist me in the store on busy days; but he always disliked to wait on the ladies; he preferred trading with the men and boys, as he used to say. I also remember that he used to sleep on the counter, when they had too much company at the tavern. I well remember how he was dressed; he wore flax and tow-linen pantaloons,—I thought about five inches too short in the legs,—and frequently he had but one suspender; no vest or coat. He wore a calico shirt, such as he had in the Black Hawk war; coarse brogans, tan color, blue yarn socks, and straw hat, without a band. Mr. Lincoln was in those days very shy of ladies. On one occasion, while we boarded at this tavern, there came a family, containing an old lady and her son and three stylish daughters, from the State of Virginia, and stopped there for two or three weeks; and during their stay I do not remember Mr. Lincoln eating once at the same table where they did."

FISHING AND QUOTING POETRY.

"There lived at New Salem at this time," continues Mr. Ellis, "a festive gentleman named Kelso, a school-teacher, a merchant, or a vagabond, according to the run of his somewhat variable luck. When other people got drunk at New Salem it was the usual custom to tussle and fight, and trample each other's toes, and pull each other's noses; but when Kelso got drunk he astonished the rustic community with copious quotations from Robert Burns and William Shakspere—authors but little known to fame among the literary men of New Salem.

"Besides Shakspere and Burns Mr. Kelso was likewise very fond of fishing, and could catch his game 'when no other man could get a bite.' Mr. Lincoln hated fishing with all his heart. But it is the testimony of the country-side, from Petersburg to Island Grove, that Kelso 'drew Lincoln after him by his talk;' that they became exceedingly intimate; that they loitered away whole days together along the banks of the quiet streams; that Lincoln learned to love inordinately our 'divine William' and 'Scotia's Bard,' whom his friend mouthed in his cups, or expounded more soberly in his intervals of fixing bait and dropping line. Finally, he and Kelso



RUTLEDGE'S DAM AND MILL, NEW SALEM, ILL.

boarded at the same place; and with another 'merchant,' named Simeo, of tastes congenial and wits as keen as Kelso's, they were 'always found together, battling and arguing.'"

ELECTED TO THE LEGISLATURE.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the State Legislature on his return from the Black Hawk war was premature. The people of New Salem had voted for him almost to a man, but his acquaintance had not then extended far enough into the district round about to insure his election. In the campaign of 1834 the choice of a candidate fell again upon him, and this time there was a favorable prospect of success. Mr. Lincoln entered into the contest with intense earnestness, using every legitimate means to secure victory.

Mr. Herndon relates in his reminiscences: "He (Lincoln) came to my house near Island Grove, during harvest. There were some 30 men in the field. He got his dinner, and went out in the field where the men were at work. I gave him an introduction, and the boys said they could not vote for a man unless he could 'make a hand.'

"'Well,' boys,' said he, 'if that is all, I am sure of your votes.'

"He took hold of the cradle, and led the way all the round with perfect ease. The boys were satisfied, and I don't think he lost a vote in the crowd. The next day there was speaking at Berlin. He went from my house with Dr. Barnett, the man that had asked me who this man Lincoln was. I told him that he was a candidate for the Legislature. He laughed, and said, 'Can't the party raise better material than that?' I said, 'Go, to-morrow, and hear all, before you pronounce judgment.' When he came back, I said: 'Doctor, what say you now?' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'he is a perfect take in; he knows more than all of them put together.'"

BEGINNING SLOWLY AS A LEGISLATOR.

The result of the election was that Mr. Lincoln was chosen to represent the Sangamon District. When the Legislature convened at the opening session, he was in his place in the Lower House, but he bore himself quietly in his new position. He had much to learn in his novel situation as one of the law-makers of the State, and as a co-worker with an assembly comprising the most talented and prominent men gathered from all parts of Illinois. He was keenly watchful of the proceedings of the House, weighing every measure, as we may believe, with scrutinizing sagacity; but, except in the announcement of his vote, his voice was seldom heard.

At the previous session Mr. G. S. Hubbard, afterwards a well-known citizen of Chicago, had exerted himself to procure an act for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. His effort was defeated, but he continued, as a lobbyist, to push the measure during several Winters, until it was finally adopted. Mr. Lincoln lent him efficient aid in the accomplishment of his object. "Indeed," remarks Mr. Hubbard," I very much doubt if the bill could have passed as easily as it did without his valuable help."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS AT THIS PERIOD.

"We were thrown much together," continues Mr. Hubbard, "our intimacy increasing. I never had a friend to whom I was more warmly attached. His character was almost faultless. Possessing a warm and generous heart, genial, affable, honest, courteous to his opponents, persevering, industrious in research; never losing sight of the principal point under discussion; aptly illustrating by his stories, always brought into good effect; free from political trickery or denunciation of the private character of his opponents; in debate firm and collected; 'with charity towards all, with malice towards none,' he won the confidence of the public, even of his political opponents."

Gen. U. F. Linder, a noted lawyer of Illinois, who first met Lincoln at this period, says he impressed him as a "very modest and retiring man. He had not then been admitted to the bar, although he had some celebrity, having been a Captain in the Black Hawk campaign, and had just finished a term in the Illinois Legislature; but he won no special fame at that session. If Lincoln at this time felt the 'divine afflatus' of greatness stir within him I have descendant of the eminent Rutledge family of North Carolina. His daughter Anne was about 19 years old when Lincoln was thrown into her company, shortly after the episode of the Black Hawk war. She is described by those who knew her as "a winsome maiden, with a blonde complexion, golden hair, cherry-red lips, and a bonny blue eye."

The heart of Lincoln was captivated by her sweet looks and gentle manners, and though she had other admirers—one, indeed, to whom, if the story be true, she had plighted her girlish affections—she accepted the love of this last ardent suitor. They were betrothed, and the marriage was to take place as soon as Lincoln should finish his law studies. But in August, 1835, the grass was growing over the mound where she lay buried. An old neighbor who saw Lincoln immediately after his parting interview with the dying girl, says there were "signs of the most terrible distress in his face and conduct."

After Anne's death "his grief became frantic; he lost all self-control, even the consciousness of identity, and every friend he had in New Salem pronounced him insane, mad, crazy. 'He was watched with especial vigilance,' as William Greene tells us, 'during storms, fogs, damp, gloomy weather, for fear of an accident.' At such times he raved piteously, declaring, among other wild expressions of his woe, 'I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain, and storms beating upon her grave.'

"About three-quarters of a mile below New Salem, at the foot of the main bluff, and in a hollow between two lateral bluffs, stood the house of Bowlin Greene, built of logs and weather-boarded. Thither the friends of Lincoln, who feared a total loss of reason, determined to transport him, partly for the benefit of a mere change of scene, and partly to keep him within constant reach of his near and noble friend, Bowlin Greene.

"During this period of his darkened and wavering intellect, when 'accidents' were momentarily expected, it was discovered that Bowlin Greene possessed a power to persuade and guide him proportioned to the affection that had subsisted between them in former and better times. Bowlin Greene came for him, but Lincoln was cunning and obstinate, it required the most artful practices of a general conspiracy of all his friends to 'disarm his suspicions,' and induce him to go and stay with his most anxious and devoted friend. But at last they succeeded; and Lincoln remained down under the bluff for two or three weeks, the object of undisguised solicitude, and of the strictest surveillance. At the end of that time his mind seemed to be restored and it was thought safe to let him go back to his old haunts,—to the study of law, to the writing of legal papers for his neighbors, to pettifogging before the Justice of the Peace, and perhaps to a little surveying. But Mr. Lincoln was never precisely the same man again.

At the time of his release he was thin, haggard, and careworn, like one risen from the verge of the grave. He had always been subject to fits of great mental depression, but after this they were more frequent and alarming. It was then that he began to repeat, with a feeling which seemed to inspire every listener with awe, and to carry him to the fresh grave of Anne at every one of his solemn periods, the lines entitled, 'Immortality'; or, 'Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?' None heard him but knew that he selected these wonderfully impressive lines to celebrate a grief which lay with continual heaviness on his heart, but to which he could not with becoming delicacy directly allude. He muttered them as he rambled through the woods or walked by the roaring Sangamon. He was heard to murmur them to himself as he slipped into the village at night-fall, after a long walk of six miles, and an evening visit to the Concord graveyard; and he would suddenly break out with them in little social assemblies after noticeable periods of silent gloom. They came unbidden to his lips, while the air of affliction in face and gesture, the moving tones and touching modulations of his voice, made it evident that every syllable of the recitation was meant to commemorate the mournful fate of Anne."

Nearly 30 years after Anne Rutledge was buried, Mr. Lincoln said, in talking with a boyhood friend: "I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day. * * * I loved the woman dearly. She was a handsome girl; would have made a good, loving wife; was natural, quite intellectual, and highly educated. I did honestly and truly love the girl, and think often, o ten of her now." "The love and death of this girl," said Mr. Herndon, "shattered Lincoln's purposes and tendencies. He threw off his infinite sorrow only by leaping wildly into the political arena." "He needed," said another, "whip and spur to save him from despair."

THE CLOSE OF YOUTH.

The period of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood and youth had closed when he stood by the grave of Anne Rutledge. He had long been a man in stature; he was now a man in years; yet the rough path he had been forced to travel had made his progress toward maturity painfully slow. In spite of his low birth, of his dire poverty, of the rudeness and illiteracy of his associates, of the absence of refinement in his surroundings, of his scanty means of education, of his homely figure and awkward manners, of his coarse fare and shabby dress, he dared to believe there was an exalted career in store for him. He hewed out the foundations for it with indomitable spirit. It was to be grounded on manly virtues.

It seems as though the boy felt the consecration of a high destiny from the very dawn of his intelligence, and it set him apart secure amid the temptations and safe from the vices that corrupt many men. In the rough garb of the backwoodsman he preserved the instincts of a gentleman. He was the companion of bullies and boors; he shared their work and their sports; but he never stooped to their vulgarity; he very seldom drank with them, and they never heard him speak an oath. He could throw the stoutest in a wrestling match, and was ready, when brought to it, to whip any insolent braggart who made a cruel use of his strength. He never flinched from hardship or danger, yet his heart was as soft and tender as a woman's. The great gentle giant had a feeling of sympathy for every living creature. He was not ashamed to rock a cradle or carry a pail of water or an armful of wood to spare a tired woman's arms.

Though destitute of worldly goods, he

(Continued on seventh page.)

ABE TAKES A TURN WITH THE CRADLE TO SHOW THE MEN HE COULD "MAKE A HAND."

THE ROMANCE OF LINCOLN'S LIFE—HIS LOVE FOR ANNE RUTLEDGE.

Among the reminiscences of Lincoln's boyhood and youth there is no hint of tender relations with any individual of the opposite sex, until he met Anne Rutledge. The romance which connects her name with his had a brief existence, but it is believed by many that its memory threw a melancholy shadow over his whole life. The father of Anne, James Rutledge, was a

Corp. Bob's Christmas

A True Romance of "Eastern Sho'" Folks, White and Colored.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY.

A cold, drizzly day in December, 1864, was drawing to a close. Down among the Virginia pines, on the Prince George Court House road, was a division of United States colored troops. They were the rear-guard of the Union Army, then besieging Petersburg. Two miles in front of them, towards the east, was a chain of picket-posts, covering all roads and approaches to the Union rear. At one of these posts, Corp'l Bob Bowen and three private soldiers were stationed. A powerful young negro soldier was Corp'l Bob, with a wine-black complexion known as "bright," big, ox-like eyes, clear-cut, regular features, broad shoulders, fully six feet in hight, a handsome giant in ebony. With his accouterments all on, haversack and canteen slung, Springfield rifle in hand, he was giving a few words of instruction to the man on post.

"De Lieutenant say fo' me to take a scout out around yer' jes' befo' dark, and mek suah dar ain' no Johnnies skulkin' 'round. Yo' men keep mighty keen watch while I'se gone; no noise, no smokin'; if yo' hear me shoot, two ob yo' deploy yo'selves to suppo't my right and left flanks; in case de Johnnies is in fo'ce, fire and fall back, zig-zag way, an' keep a-peggin' at 'em; de reserves dey'll be right along d'rectly dey hears de rifles a-crackin'."

Having delivered these orders with great gravity, Corp'l Bob stepped briskly out and soon disappeared from the sight of his comrades.

Taking a diagonal course from the picket line, and keeping well covered by the scrubby pines and sassafras bushes, avoiding all open spaces, he was soon well beyond the Union lines; and then he moved with caution. His rifle was at a ready, and his step cat-like and noiseless; not a twig snapped under his big army shoes, and his eyes scanned every tree and stump. All of his actions showed the accomplished woodsman and hunter, and every motion the trained soldier. At the edge of a clearing he quickly drew back and crouched behind a fallen tree; the rifle came to his shoulder and his finger was on the trigger.

Coming directly toward him was a man in gray, and on the sleeve of his coat was the faded golden braid of a Confederate Lieutenant. Bob's heart beat exultantly. "Dat Johnny is my meat," he said to himself; "an ossifer too. Reckon he's gwine ter walk d'reetly hyar, an' he'll be mighty 'stonished w'en he see de ole Springfield a-lookin' at him. Heap better to tek him pris'ner; seems mos' like murder to shoot—'sides, a shot might stir up a hornets' nes'—but he's boun' to come wid me."

As the man approached Bob noted that he was deathly pale and staggered as if from weakness. No arms or accouterments were on his person; around his head, only partly-covered by his slouched hat, was a dirty blood-stained bandage. Instinctively Bob lowered his rifle from his shoulder; his face expressed more pity than enmity.

The man had almost reached the fallen tree when he caught sight of the gleaming rifle barrel. He stopped abruptly, and as he did so he heard the sharp command: "Halt, dar! Surrender! Come in hyar! No foolin' now!"

Holding up his hands to show that he was unarmed, he answered: "I surrender," and came forward as directed.

"Halt!" cried Corp'l Bob. "Hol' up yo' hands! Fo' de good Lawd's sake! Oh! Marse Robbie!"

"Bob!"

The rifle dropped from Bob's shoulder and the captor and captive shook hands most heartily.

"I'se powerful glad to see yo', Marse Robbie," said Bob.

"Under other circumstances I should be very glad to meet you, Bob," said the officer, vainly endeavoring to cover his chagrin.

"What bring yo' 'round dis-a-way? What hurt yo' head? Yo's lookin' mighty po'ly, too," said Bob sympathetically.

"I am all alone. I was a prisoner down at City Point, and I escaped two days ago. I supposed that I was way beyond the Yankee lines. Let me sit down; I'm tired out; I won't try to escape"——

"Sartin, sartin, sit right down, sah," interrupted Bob, "yo' word is good 'nuff fer me; nebber knowed a Bowen to go back on his word."

"I was in an attacking party that attempted to surprise some of your picket-posts," resumed the officer; "but I think that we were the ones surprised—at least I was; a Yankee soldier hit me a terrible blow over the head with a musket. When I recovered consciousness, I was a prisoner in the hospital at City Point.

"The Yanks thought that I was so badly hurt that I did not need watching. Two evenings ago I slipped off. I got lost in the woods. My head feels so badly; and I think now that the Yankee doctor knew more about me than I did myself. I was trying to work my way around the Federal left when I ran up against you."

"I reckon yo' is powerful hongry, Marse Robbie; take dis hardtack an' some boiled beef," said Bob, extending an open haversack. The young man took the food and ate ravenously.

"Tell me about yourself; and have you any news from my old home?" he asked between mouthfuls.

"I got a letter from de ole Eastern Sho' las' week," said Bob; "Tilly wrote to me—dat is, Miss Julie write fo' Tilly—an' de Lieutenant write fo' me. Yo' 'members Tilly, I reckon, Miss Julie's maid; mighty peart gal dat Tilly; here's de letter, sah, reckon yo' kin read it; wish I could."

The officer smiled as he took the letter. "I suppose," he said, "that you and Tilly are to be married some time—after the war is over?"

"Yes, sah, dat's the kalkalashin, perviding yo' all's soldiers doan lay me out befo' de war's ober; but, sah, I tink dat Miss Julie done wrote some powerful 'portant news fo' you, sah."

The officer glanced through the sheets of the letter; on the back of one was written:

"HALT!" CRIED CORP'L BOB. "HOL' UP YO' HANDS."

"MY GOOD BOB: Of course you know that my brother Robert is in the Confederate army. We have heard nothing from him since the first battles around Petersburg, and we know that his brigade has been in the thickest of all that terrible fighting. We do not know if he is alive or dead. The anxiety is killing my mother. You know that she does not favor the South, as the rest of us do, but she worships my brother, and this terrible suspense will kill her. I have read in the papers that the soldiers of the two armies sometimes have friendly meetings and trade coffee and tobacco. Can you not inquire in that way, or should you see prisoners inquire of them, or get some of the white soldiers to ask for you? My brother is in the —th Va. Inf., Mahone's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Corps. If you can do anything to help us we will be ever grateful to you. JULIE BOWEN."

"Dear little sister; dear mother; I will soon have a chance to write to them myself from a Yankee military prison," said the Lieutenant. "My dear mother; how I wish that I could see her. I think that the sight of her would make me well."

"Missus Bowen mighty fine lady; allus good to us po' darkies; but ole Marse Bowen, he a rank rarin' secesh. He done took all my bounty money w'en I 'listed. Reckon he thought I'd go any way, an' dat he might jes' as well git what he could. Anyhow, he only got fo' hunnerd dollars fer a t'ousand dollar nigger," and Bob chuckled.

The prisoner finished eating and handed back the haversack.

"Now, Bob, what are you going to do with me?" he asked. To this inquiry Bob made no immediate answer, and when he spoke he asked: "Marse Robbie, how old is yo'?"

"I shall be 20 on the 24th day of this month," responded the officer. "You and I were born the same week; we were Christmas gifts, and came together to the folks over on the old Eastern Shore of Maryland. Your old mammy was my nurse."

"Dat so, Marse Robbie, an' I was yo' playmate an' little nigger all dose y'ars; an' yo' uster tell me dat w'en yo's a man, yo' a-gwine to gib me my freedom, an' a cabin down on de back cove lot, an' let me raise garden truck to sell in Baltimo', an' I'd be my own boss. Now yo' is an ossifer in de ribil army an' I'se a 'non-com' ossifer in de Yankee army, a-fightin' for de Union; an' yo' is my property, an' I kin gib yo' your freedom, or turn yo' ober to de Provost-Marshal. T'ings is changed. Reckon de Kunnel would make me a Sergeant for bringing in a prisoner—an ossifer, too."

"All right Bob; go ahead and turn me over and get your Sergeant's chevrons. It's the fortune of war, I suppose."

"Marse Robbie," said the black soldier, "I'se been doin' a powerful heap ob thinking, an' dis is what I'm a-gwine ter do: Ober yonder is de Prince George road dat leads ter Norfolk. All de people libin in dese parts is secesh; yo' go to dem an' dey'll tek keer ob yo' an' fix yo' up, an' help yo' ober to de ole Eastern Sho'; an', sah, yo' go home to yo' mammy, de dear ole missus, an' de sight ob yo' will mek her well, an' yo'll get well; so dar'll be two people a heap better off."

"But, Bob," said the Southern soldier gently, "you are a soldier, and you have no right to turn a prisoner loose in this manner; you could be court-martialed and shot for it."

"I knows all 'bout dat, sah," said Bob, "but I 'reckons yo' ain't gwine ter be much mo' good to de 'Federacy no how, an' if yo' does go back in de rebil army, 'twon't mek much difference; de Yankees has got de whip-hand on yo' all. Jes' say dat yo'll try an' get ober on de ole Easten sho', an' tek dis haversack—dere's grub enough to las' yo' three days—an' start down dat road. Tell de ole missus dat Bob ain' forgot how she sabed him from a mighty tough lickin' onct, an' he sends her boy back to her as a Christmas gift! Now, sah, silence in de ranks! 'Tention—'bout face—Forward—march!"

"Good-by, Bob; God bless you."

"Good-by, Marse Robbie; if yo' gets home all right, jes' tell Miss Julie to write dat dey has heerd from yo'. I'll unerstan'."

A YEAR LATER.

It was the day before Christmas, 1865. A colored regiment with thinned ranks and tattered, bullet-riddled flags were assembled at Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore, for muster-out and discharge. Among them was Bob Bowen, promoted to the honorable position of Color-Sergeant of the regiment. The white officers of the regiment were all busily engaged working on the muster-out rolls, and the Adjutant in his office was greatly surprised by the entrance of a party of white people. To his experienced eye a glance was sufficient to tell him that the pompous old gentleman who headed the party was one of Maryland's wealthy land-owners, and that the handsome young man with the indescribable veteran air had seen service in the Confederate army; that the silver-haired lady must be the wife and mother, and that the beautiful young lady was the daughter and sister. Hastily arising, the Adjutant laid aside his cigar, and doffed his hat.

"Good morning, sir," said the old gentleman. "I am Col. Robert Bowen, of the Eastern Shore, sir; this is my wife, Mrs. Bowen; my daughter, Miss Julie; my son, Mr. Robert, late of the Confederate army, sir."

The Adjutant bowed low to the ladies, and brought out a chair and camp stool, all the seats that he had to offer. The Colonel interrupted his apology with, "No apologies, sir; we have come on business. We are looking for a boy who formerly belonged to me, and who enlisted in this regiment. His name is Bob Bowen, sir, and we want to see him."

"I presume, sir, that you refer to Serg't Robert Bowen, the Color-Sergeant of this regiment," said the Adjutant.

"Exactly, sir; we want to see him; we want to take him back with us," said Col. Bowen.

"If," said the Adjutant, "you have an idea that you can resume your former relations as master and slave, I advise you"——

"Not at all, sir; not at all," interrupted the old gentleman; "the fact is, sir, my son here and Bob were both born the same Christmas week, 21 years ago, and Robert thinks a great deal of Bob; they grew up together; we all like Bob, for that matter, and Bob has a hankering after a smart colored girl named Tilly, who has been my daughter's maid; so we all thought it would be best to have him come home to the old Eastern Shore. I know how suspicious all these darkies are of us old masters, so I have come here to ask you to look at these papers, and after satisfying yourself that they are correct, to assure Bob that they are all right, and to advise him what will be the best thing for him to do."

The Adjutant glanced through the papers presented.

"This is a deed from you to Robert Bowen, colored, for 20 acres, known as the 'back cove lot,' with cottage and other improvements, situated on the Bowen homestead, Queen Anne County, Md.; consideration, $1. The deed certainly seems to be all right, legal, and perfect every way, and is signed by yourself and wife. Am I correct, sir?"

"You are, sir; now please examine this book."

"This," said the Adjutant, "shows the sum of $500 to the credit of Robert Bowen, colored, deposited in the Baltimore Savings Bank."

"Exactly, sir; now if you will be so kind as to send for Bob to come to this office for a few moments."

"Orderly!"

A smart young colored soldier presented himself.

"Tell Serg't Bowen that I wish to see him."

A few moments later Serg't Bob entered the office, and without looking at the visitors, eyes squared to the front, came to "attention" in front of the Adjutant, and was gravely saluting that officer, when his hand was seized by the old lady, and in a trembling voice she exclaimed:

"O, my good Bob; I am so grateful to you," and the young lady grasped the other hand. "Dear old Bob," she said. The old Colonel blew his nose with a bugle-like blast, and said, "Glad to see you, Bob"; and young Mr. Bowen slapped him on the back and said: "Bob, you are my prisoner now."

And Bob, surprised, confused, and unable to say anything, was reassured by the Adjutant's saying: "That's all right, Sergeant. I sent for you to meet your friends here."

Bob looked around inquiringly, and Miss Julie, stepping outside, called to the driver of their carriage. In a moment she entered the office, followed by a handsome colored girl, smartly dressed.

"Here she is Bob," said Miss Julie gayly.